Resource #2. Supplementary Material on the subject of FLEEING (for Learning Activity #2)

Photographic:

McAllister's Mill and surrounding woods and trails.
http://www.gdg.org/Research/Underground%20Railroad/mill.htm

Text sources:

Salome Myers, a white teacher living in Gettysburg, wrote in her diary on June 15, 1863:

> "… the Darkies made such a racket up and down by our house that we could not sleep."

Twenty-five years after the battle, Tillie Pierce Alleman, who as a girl lived on the main street in Gettysburg, wrote: ("What a Girl Saw and Heard at Gettysburg" [1888]

> "We had often heard that the rebels were about to make a raid… On these occasions it was also amusing to behold the conduct of the colored people of the town. Gettysburg had a goodly number of them. The regarded the rebels as having an especial hatred toward them, and they believed that if they fell into their hands, annihilation was sure. These folks mostly lived in the southwestern part of town, and their flight was invariably down Breckinridge Street and Baltimore Street, and toward the woods on and around Culp's Hill. I can see them yet; men and women with bundles as large as old-fashioned feather ticks slung across their backs, almost bearing them to the ground. Children also, carrying their bundles, and striving in vain to keep up with their seniors. The greatest consternation was depicted on all their countenances as they hurried along; crowding, and running against each other in their confusion; children stumbling, falling and crying. Mothers, anxious for their offspring, would stop for a moment to hurry them up, saying: For' de lod's sake, you chillen, cum right long quick! If dem rebs dun katch you dey tear you all up."

Resource #2. Supplementary Material on the subject of FLEEING (for Learning Activity #2, cont'd)

Fannie Buehler, who lived just off the square in the center of Gettysburg and whose husband was the town's postmaster, wrote: ("Recollections of the Rebel Invasion and One Woman's Experiences During the Battle of Gettysburg" [1889])

> "I know not whither [she fled] for I never saw [my servant] afterwards. I heard of her from someone who had seen her on the way to Philadelphia."

Charles McCurdy was a teen-aged boy living in Gettysburg at the time of the battle. He was a friend of Owen Robinson, a black man who owned a small restaurant in town. More than sixty years later, McCurdy remembered: ("Gettysburg: A Memoir" [1929]):

> "Whenever there was a report that the Rebels were coming, [Owen Robinson] would decamp with his family for a place of safety and not return until the coast was clear. This time there could be no doubt that the dreaded enemy was at hand, and the Robinson family joined the exodus of colored people. Before going he asked my father permission to put [his] pigs in our stable until his return. Father consented and promised to have them properly looked after."

Mary Elizabeth Montfort was twelve years old in 1863. She lived with her family just east of Gettysburg. Years later she remembered ("How a Twelve Year Old Girl Saw Gettysburg"):

> "Today we saw Aunt Beckie. She is the colored lady who helps mother with the wash. Jennie and I love Aunt Beckie. She and some other colored people were pulling wagons or pushing wheel barrows and carrying big bundles. 'Yo ol; Aunt Beckie is goin' up into de hills. No rebel is gonna catch me and carry me back to be a slave again.'"

The Harrisburg Telegraph reported on June 24, 1863:

> "Contrabands are arriving here constantly, and it really is a distressing sight to see women and children huddled in wagons, bringing all their worldly possessions with them."

Resource #4. Supplementary Material on the subject of **Hiding** (for Learning Activity #2)

Greencastle, Pennsylvania, is about twenty-five miles west of Gettysburg. In the days before the battle, Charles Hartman of Greencastle, wrote (Alexander and Conrad, When War Passed This Way):

> " … one of the exciting features of the day was the scouring of the fields about town and searching of houses for Negroes. These poor creatures, those of them who had not fled upon the approach of the foe, concealed in wheat fields around the town. Cavalrymen rode in search of them and many of them were caught after a desperate chase and being fired at. In some cases, the Negroes were rescued from the guards. Squire Kaufman and Tom Pauling did this, and if they had been caught, the rebels would have killed them."

Albertus McCreary was a boy living with his family on the main street of Gettysburg in 1863. Years later he remembered this amazing event ("Gettysburg: A Boy's Experience of the Battle"):

> "A number of colored people lived in the western part of town and when on the first day a great many of them were gathered together and marched out of town. As they passed our house our old washerwoman called out 'Goodbye, we are going back to slavery.' Most of them were crying and moaning. We never expected to see 'Old Liz' again, but the day after the battle ended she came walking in, exclaiming, 'Thank God, I's alive again!' We all crowded around her, anxious to know how she had got away. . . . The main fact was this: She was marched with the rest down the street and there was such a crowd that when they were opposite the Lutheran Church, in the confusion she slipped into the church without being seen, and climbed up into the belfry; she stayed there for the two days without anything to eat or drink."

Resource #4. Supplementary Material on the subject of **Hiding** (for Learning Activity #2, cont'd))

William Steptoe Christian was the colonel of the 55th Virginia Infantry of the Confederate army. On June 28, 1863, three days before the Battle of Gettysburg began, he wrote the following to his wife:

> "We took a lot of negroes yesterday. I was offered my choice, but as I could not get them back home I would not take them. In fact, my humanity revolted at taking the poor devils away from their homes. They were so scared that I turned them all loose."

G. Moxley Sorrel was an aide to General James Longstreet, Robert E. Lee's most trusted general in the Confederate army. On July 1, 1863, in a message ordering General George Pickett to bring his troops to Gettysburg, Sorrel wrote (from the Official Records of the War of the Rebellion):

> "The captured contraband had better be brought along with you for further disposition."

Years after the battle, a black resident who lived in Gettysburg in 1863 remembered (Clifton Johnson, "Battleground Adventure" [1915]):

> "… a nigger named Jack who worked on a farm near the town. At a time when a troop of raiders was known to be swooping in our direction he said "they'll kill all us niggers, or take us back to slavery." He was a bow-legged nigger who couldn't make much speed and he didn't have any confidence in his ability to outrun the rebels, so he crep' under a haystack and stayed without a morsel to eat for three or four days. He almost starved."

An African American farmhand recalled the following incident that took place in the fields west of Gettysburg on the first day of the battle: (Clifton Johnson, "Battleground Adventures," [1915])

> "A great many people had skedaddled, but … we were right there when the battle begun, and then we loaded up a wagon with provisions and grain, and got away with seven or eight of our horses down an old road into the woods. After we'd gone far enough to be well out of sight and hearing we unhitched the horses that drew the wagon . . .. There I stayed fearin' and tremblin', and looked after the horses. If the Rebels had happened to come through they'd have took 'em and me too, but they didn't get there. … The man's sons come back'ards and

Resource #4. Supplementary Material on the subject of **Hiding** (for Learning Activity #2, cont'd))

for'ards to bring me something to eat and make sure everything was all right."

Jacob Taughinbaugh was a boy living with his family just east of Gettysburg in 1863. Many years later he recounted this story of the Confederate invasion: (T.W. Herbert, ed., "In Occupied Pennsylvania," Georgia Review, [Summer 1950])

"My mother had two Negro servants. We were sure if the Confederates found them they would be taken away. Our front porch was a few feet above the ground, and at one end there was an excavation below ground where you could get to the cellar from the outside. This entranceway was separated from the rest of the space under the porch by a wall made of stones without mortar. My mother took away stones enough to let the servants crawl through, then put the stones back just as they had been. She had to take out a good many stones, too, because one of the Negroes was a great big woman. Someone had to keep a sharp lookout all the time, and as soon as a soldier was seen coming Mother would take the servants down and stow them away. Sometimes there would be men hanging around the house all day. The best she could do then was to take down some food and slip it to them through the space of one stone when none of the men was near about."

A black resident of Gettysburg, who worked as a servant maid in a farmhouse north of Gettysburg, recalled the following encounter with Confederate soldiers (Clifton Johnson, Battleground Adventures, 1915):

"(I) got down into the cellar, and I crawled way back in the darkest corner and piled everything in front of me. I was the only colored person there, and I didn't know what might happen to me." A Confederate officer lay wounded upstairs, and he "wanted the women to come up out of the cellar to take care of him and do some cooking, and he promised they should be well treated." Mr. Hankey**,** the servant maid's employer, asked the officer "Would you see a colored person protected if she was to help with the work here? He said he would, and he sent out a written somethin' or 'nother orderin' the men to keep out of the kitchen, and he had the door boarded up halfway so they could

Resource #4. Supplementary Material on the subject of **Hiding** (for Learning Activity #2, cont'd))

> hand in things to be cooked and we could hand em' out afterward."

Mary Warren, a young girl who lived with her family near the square in the center of Gettysburg, reported many years later (Mary Warren Fasnacht, Memories of the Battle of Gettysburg, Year 1863, [1941]):

> "The Reverend Abraham Cole's wife and daughter lived not far from her home. "The daughter's husband was in the Union army," she wrote. "They were alone and did not know what to do. Mother told them to come to our house, that she would hide them in the loft over the kitchen, take the ladder away, and they would be safe. They stayed Friday night. Saturday no Confederates were about and they felt safe to go to their home again. The daughter said she couldn't be paid to put in such another night, that she heard soldiers walking around all night – that they surely knew who was in that loft." The two women fled to an unknown location, and Mary Warren commented, 'We did not know where our colored friends had gone.'"